

Deduction: The Prequel, the Shinobi Way pt1

by Redsinky

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Summary: "One could say it," Jiji stated. "Life is always full of trials and tribulations; it is dependent on the person if they would survive every encounter and become stronger or never overcome and are unable to continue, that is the essence of life." "Some have it harder than others," wise eyes gazing at the child, "and are unable to overcome it. If they do, there are two paths..."

## 1. Mister Left and Mister Right

**\*\*1: Mister Left and Mister Right\*\***

**\*\*To those too lazy to check my profile:\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: \_Check my profile\_\*\***

A small figure sat on a mattress, eyes gazing at the larger, taller figures arguing above with their fingers pointing towards the one on the mattress. Minutes later, only one person remained; a short, busty woman with blonde hair and grey eyes and a scar running vertically on her right eye. The eyes were cold as she glared with no restraints at the small figure sitting innocently on the mattress. Pointing at the figure, the woman shouted at him, the receiver blinking incomprehensively at her. With a frustrated yell, the woman marched out of the room the door slamming behind her.

The sudden noise sprung tears in the small figure, his muffled sobs unheard past the walls of the room; he did not understand why the tall figures started patronising him, their shouts loud enough to send his ears ringing and their faces glaring in disgust.

Loud banging from his door snapped him from his sobs and he bit down on the sheet. Shifting, he turned his gaze at the small crack in the wall, the only view he would get to the world outside.

Over the following months he learnt a valuable lesson, though, it had taken a while for it to sink in with him still having a bit of

trouble comprehending sentences spouting from other people's mouths. Their expressions were enough for him to find a highly plausible conclusion, not that he knew of those words, but, it would be described once he acquired a higher vocabulary.

The small child was starved for attention like every child his age but, for some reason, it was never given. They ignored the child with a determined will, his wails unheard, his questions ignored and his tantrums were disciplined.

The actions of the adults and the matron had given the children the incentive to follow in their examples, it was a cruel act from the children as they were still innocent and only following the adults'.

Currently, the children of the orphanage were let out for play time, the adults watching over them. They, however, ignored the small figure sprinting towards the woods with children on his heels yelling at him.

The child was still very young compared to the other children that were let out, as those his age was kept in careful supervision as viruses his age was easier to catch and harder to cure, not that he knew, he was preoccupied with running away from the mean older children.

It was minutes later that his still developing motor skills kicked in, his feet had tangled itself mid-step and he tripped on air. Rolling with the motion with the breath knocked out of him he lay curled under the root of a tree hollow.

Breathing deeply, the child whimpered in pain, his tears falling on the dry leaves. The clouds had gathered some time ago and the tears of the sky began pelting the earth. The soft pitter-patter of water droplets landed on the small figure, their tears combing together as confused, pained eyes gazed at the grey sky.

Once the rain had let up the small figure began his trek back towards the illuminating orphanage door. Knocking hesitantly the small child waited for the door to open and stared distressed at the matron's sneer. His arm was grabbed harshly in a firm grip, his whimpers bringing a tilt of the lady's lip upwards.

Thrown bodily towards his room, the matron glared disdainfully at the child, her words reverberating from the walls even after she departed with a slam of the door. He was refused food and was only given a bowl of water once a day for a two weeks.

"\_Demon."\_

"\_Devil-spawn!"\_

\_The adults did not bother to hide their disgust as the child walked among them, some, if not most threw trash at him and purposefully tripped him. He did not retaliate, the last time he did, it had resulted in a brutal discipline as 'they' liked to call it.\_

"\_Get away from my children!"\_

"\_You're not needed here."\_

\_The eyes were cold, a burning fury filled with cold resentment fuelled just by his very existence. The children were worse, he wanted to blame and he had, for a while when he had not understood. Eyes with burning hatred at their negative emotions only made his situation worse. \_

There were times when the negativity was too much for his young shoulders and he had run, away from their gazes, away from their words and away from the environment; just away in general.

It was in one of his many runs that he had come across a foliage and it was this foliage that led him to his anchor only meters away from falling to his inevitable destruction.

The child had wriggled further under the tree growth; his pursuers had been persistent after one of the children had run to the adults when he accidentally stumbled the child, crying and wailing at his scraped knees. They had demanded an apology as they advanced towards him, the child staring vindictively at him and once he did they started shouting and one of the adults had hit him across the chin and kicked him away. He had run then, away from them, their cruel laughter licking his heels like poison ivy.

Senses on high alert, their footsteps, louder and heavier than a child's as they shouted false concerns. He had learnt that they had no concern for his being beside disciplining him and scurried deeper in the under growth as the noises got closer.

A hand appeared on the corner of his bush and he dug desperately behind him, wanting, wishing for a shield against another session. His fingers had latched on a stick or a root and he tried to pull it, it was better than nothing, it might distract them.

The child wasn't expecting the immediate fall or the sudden darkness that surrounded him and it took a while for him to scream in fright.

Landing harshly on the ground, the figure blinked the spots away and rolled from the impact. Coughing, he reigned in his breathing and attempted to stand, tripped and landed in mud from the recent bout of rain.

Shakily, the child ventured away from hallow of the tree and only minutes later found a river containing marine animals he had seen in books when he could glimpse them. Peering over the edge he swallowed his first look at his appearance; the adults never let him be near any reflective surfaces.

A pair of eyes of all shades of blue gazed back swirling like the sky reflected in the water; he could not determine the shade of his hair as it was completely matted in mud and his face caked in it. Trembling hands cupped the clear water, the mud washing away, staining his skin a darker complexion. Bringing the water to his face he rubbed the mud away enough not to be completely clean and did the same to his hair, it became a very light shade of brown.

He kneeled transfixed at his appearance and had just begun to completely clean himself away when a rustle from behind had him

jumping in the river. He turned with trepidation, eyes guarded and lips in a stubborn line.

Two tall figures of dark hair with equally dark eyes and different hairstyles gazed back at the child in bemusement. The child had never seen figures like them before nor the attire did they wear as if it was normal. They both wore a mesh undershirt with sleeves in varying length between them, black shirts, dark green bulky vests, black headbands with silver metal and an insignia of their village; black pants for the one on the left and dull brown on the one on the right, the child decided to name them that.

Mister Left had black ankle high sandals of sorts and black bandages up to his knees. He had identical pockets on either side of his legs, a tanto of sorts across his back and a pouched belt. Mister Right had silky hair tied in a low pony, the tail short from the band.

Mister Right had white bandages halfway up his calf, navy ankle sandals and the same accessories as the Mister Right. He had thick spiky hair, the shade sucking in all the light from the surrounding area and softer eyes than his companion.

The three stood frozen fixing each other with cautious gaze and silence was broken only when the child sneezed.

Eyes widening, Mister Right reacted first and pulled him from the water apologising too fast for the child to comprehend. Mister Left rolled his eyes and nudged his companion away, and pulled a blanket from a hidden bag the child did not see and draped it across his shoulders.

The two figures had crouched to be at a somewhat respectable height, even though they were still indescribably towering over the shivering figure.

Mister Right nudged Mister Left, "I think he needs to clean up."

"Hn."

"Hn." He replied, rolling his eyes.

A flicker of the eyes and a grunt.

"Hn." Mister Right turned his attention at his only confused audience. "Don't mind grouchy here, I was wondering if you'd want to clean up the mud?"

Blinking and still confused, the child shook his head negatively.

"Hn."

"Well, there's not much I can do." Mister Right began to stand, "Come on grouchy; let's spar."

Mister Left didn't bother to reply but followed, leaving behind the small child. Watching them walk away, the small figure followed a few metres behind.

Their eyes flickered behind them at their lost puppy, their conversations consisted mostly with varying degrees of grunts and the occasional sentences from Mister Left.

Upon arriving at well-hidden, well-secluded clearing the two tall figures separated, Mister Left sending a look at the small figure following them. The child followed the gaze to his left and looked back as Mister Right shook his head and nodded.

"Hn." He said.

Not knowing how to translate that, the child walked to the indicated spot and sat, snuggling in the warm blanket.

That day, the child learnt what spar meant and the destructive force they threw at each other. He never interrupted, didn't utter a sound and remained where he was in case they attacked him. He had no idea what they were, only that their headband had something to do with it and their hands blurred so fast that he could not make out what it was that they did with their fingers.

Deciding to just sit back and watch the barely visible spar, they were going too fast for his age and experience.

Three days later he came back covered in mud and the two taller figures continued their spars as he watched from the sidelines, occasionally capturing the words thrown at each other.

## 2. Bonds and Chains

Blue eyes peered around the corner of the wall, his eyes watching the gathering, some had anger, sorrow and fury etched on their faces whilst others cheered. Children of all ages wore masks of a snarling animal and kimonos as they waved their toys around. He watched silently wanting to join in and was about to step towards the gathering when a hand clamped upon his shoulder.

Jumping in fright, the child turned his head in trepidation, the expression gazing back had him tearing up. The hit had come hard and fast, the fury had him trying to struggle his way out of the grip. A cough from behind the person holding the child had his capture snarling in anger at the person before his face lax and anger took over. The man shoved the child to the matron, hands in pockets and grumbled away.

The child turned grateful eyes towards the matron, but the face made his expression fall and he was hauled away into his room, the door closing with a defining slam.

"\_You don't belong here!"\_

His sobs were unheard above the ruckus of celebration.

Eventually, the child's eyes began to be too heavy to keep open, his body curling protectively. In the darkness, the door of his room opened spilling light in the darkness of space and closed.

Silently, a figure of formidable aura stepped through, his gaze snapping to the figure curled under the sheets. A tilt of lips, the

shadow crept forward, a bundle in his hands. Placing the bundle slightly under the bed, the figure bent forward, caressed the hair and kissed his forehead. Pulling back, his eyes widened at the glowing blue pair gazing at him intently.

"It was not my intention to wake you." The figure whispered softly, a hand still patting the hair.

The small figure blinked, shifting his position and pushed off the mattress, leaning his back against the wall, knees bent towards him and his arms wrapping around his legs.

Chuckling, the larger figure walked towards one wall and flicked the light on, flooding the room with a dull, yellow light. The figure frowned slightly but turned towards the one on the mattress when the child made a sound.

"Pardon?"

Blues eyes widening, a blush rose to his cheeks and ducked his head on his knees. "You're wearing that symbol on your head."

Face lighting up, the figure pulled his hat off, gazing at the white flaps and the black insignia. "You came across it before?"

Hesitantly the small figure nodded. "I see it on some buildings. I saw it on two people with an accessory."

The formidable figure sat next to the child, his back leaning against the wall. "That's a headband on those people you saw."

The child tilted his head.

His lips tilted up, "They're a ninja."

Blinking multiple times, he turned his gaze towards his door, "Wha'cha ninja?"

"What's a ninja," The man corrected, the child blushed. "They are protectors."

"Pro-proc-protectors?" The child stuttered in his pronunciation.

Chuckling the man laid his hand on the spiky hair. "Hmm, yes. They defend against bad things, keep the peace and protect innocents."

The child bit the inside of his cheek.

The pair remained sitting in silence, the man occasionally telling stories to the child until the small figure's eyes began to close.

"Be my Jiji?" a child asked demurely.

The man smiled gently, "Of course Naruto." Tucking the small child in bed.

Blue eyes widened at the name, it was the first time he heard a name other than what the others called him. "M'name?"

"My name," Jiji corrected. "Why wouldn't it be? Uzumaki Naruto is your name."

Somehow still retaining the energy to blush even through the child's tiredness, Naruto tried to hide his head under the sheets.

The child heard soft laughter and peeked at the corner of his eyes at the old man genuinely enjoying his company.

"Goodnight Naruto." The old man with the white hat whispered.

"Night' Jiji."

Turning the lights, the man easily made his way over to the door, eyes sadden by memories unseen by the other occupants.

"Happy Birthday, Naruto."

The following morning the child discovered the barely hidden bundle under his bed, his eyes lighting up in pure, innocent joy. It was his first, ever, gift.

A week later Naruto accidentally on purpose stumbled across the pair of ninjas -as he had learned their position from his Jiji- face and hair covered in mud, a large object hugged closely by his arms.

Blue eyes stared pointedly at the double pair of onyx. "Ninja." He stated.

Mister Left raised a brow whilst Mister Right nodded.

"Busy?" The child asked shyly, eyes never wavering.

"Hn." \_Not now.\_

Mister Right shrugged his shoulders, "Not really." Dark eyes peering at the object in the child's embrace. "What's that you got there?"

"Hn." \_Really?\_

Mister Right glared half-heartedly at Mister Left. "I was curious!"

Mister Left didn't seem to answer and turned his gaze to the child that had met with them multiple times in the past.

The child raised the object above him and towards the two, "Help, please."

The three stared at each other silently and simultaneously began to trek the familiar path towards the clearing.

"â€|I never got your name, kid." Mister Right stated, his gaze intently at the crossed legged child pouring over the seventh different book in seven months.

The child's head snapped up, all three having varying degrees of surprise on their faces.

Naruto struggled to pronounce his name and only ended up repeating the first syllables of his name.

Mister Right ruffled his mud-matted hair, "Na-chan it is!" He frowned, "You really need to stop bathing in mud, though."

"Hn." Mister Left commented. \_It makes you look like a street urchin.\_

The now dubbed Na-chan glared half-heartedly at him.

Mister Right burst out laughing. "Oh!" He gasped. "Hahaha-he understood you!"

The new revelation had Mister Left turning to Naruto with a new perspective in his eyes.

"We should reward him!" Mister Right exclaimed, his head nodding.

"Hn." \_It's not that unreachable.\_

Naruto grunted in response. \_To me it is!\_

The two stared at him in silence.

"Hn." \_I guess you deserve it.\_

The child smiled brightly.

Mister Right was laughing at the stunned expression slipping through the blank mask of his friend.

"Okay, so we read through that \_chakra\_, " Mister Right emphasised, "we'll help you apply it."

Mister Left twitched slightly. \_You'll kill him.\_

Mister Right whirled to face him, "It can't be that dangerous."

Mister Left didn't reply. \_Look at his age!\_

Huffing, Mister Right turned back to Na-chan, "Fi~ne." He moaned. "We'll start with finding your \_chakra \_and to control it, harnessing it to your will."

"Hn." \_Do you really need to always empathise that term?\_

"Na-chan is still just a kid! He needs help in pronunciation." Mister Right argued.

No response. \_Figure it out yourself, ba~ka.\_

"Point taken." Agreed Mister Right.



A crinkle at the corner of the left eye. \_We're still just children too.\_

Mister Right sighed loudly, sliding his hands down his face and waving a hand, "Technicalities," he muttered.

Clapping his hand, Mister Right smiled slightly at the child following the conversation. "Ignore the prodigy, he doesn't understand the value of hard work."

A glare was the response. \_You're just jealous that I'm ahead in our spars.\_

Mister Right ignored it, "This is what you need to doâ€|"

A few months later, during the breaks between their missions Naruto pressed his back against the trunk of the tree, relaxed and crossed legged with his eyes closed as he practised the exercises with his chakra.

The child was under the blissful shade of the tree some several metres above the ground on a thick, steady branch. The wind danced with his hair, the leaves hiding his form from searching eyes from the ground. Up high, Naruto could barely hear the voices that tormented him and he smiled slightly. The sky was always welcoming to him, the wind his best friend.

In the centre edge of the busy village, a tall building of three floors with red-roof-tiles in the office of the topmost floor sat an elderly man behind a wide-oaken desk clean of papers, a pipe in hand and his eyes watching the images pass in a crystal ball until it paused on the intended target.

A wrinkled face smiled, tilted his head and disappeared with a swirl of leaves.

"Jiji." Was the greeting from the child, eyes unopened but the smile was enough.

"Naruto," the man greeted back genuinely. He settled across the relaxed child and observed the small figure before him, his frown appearing as he did so.

The child's hair had grown to his shoulders, the length taming the wild spikes only slightly, the image giving the man an eerie emotion as a phantom image overlapped the one before him. A few healing bruises had begun to disappear, but was still visible to the concerned man and the deformed limbs had snapped back in place while he was overtaken by the phantom image.

A long, brown tunic, up to the child's knees was cinched at the waist with a knotted cloth and cream shorts of calf length was wrinkled. Dirt, mud, leaves and sticks and holes decorated the clothes and barefoot finished the image of the child.

"Where are your shoes?" He asked as gently as he could, not wanting the child to feel his anger.

Opening an eye, Naruto could feel his chakra steering gently inside his core, dancing in a fast pace as if attacking the walls but never

succeeding, the wind caressed his hair as a nudge.

"I couldn't find it."

Head snapping at the lone blue gaze, the man pursed his lips. "It was stolen from you?"

There was no answer, but, it was answer enough.

The man sighed, his shoulder sagging with the weights of his regrets. They sat together in silence; one relaxed as he listened to his chakra and the wind, the other in contemplative resignation and building anger.

"I'm so sorry."

The child didn't reply, there was no need as the man before him had uttered it enough and he had replied the exact same thing until it was a unanimous agreement between them.

"You could teach me something."

The man smiled sadly, "Naruto, you know I can't-"

"Advice in the ninja ways?" Naruto interrupted, eager to learn from the man.

Jiji sighed in happy exasperation and ruffled the child's hair.

"A ninja should always observe and be alert of his surroundings. Be subtle about it. You don't want anyone of the opposite side to notice and leave you in the shadows again."

Blue eyes looked intently at the other unflinching at the shadows behind the kind man's eyes.

"Why?"

The man smiled, the wrinkles rising and deepening.

"If they do find out, what happens when your mission is to rescue the kidnapped? What would happen if they found you suspicious? What happens if you're onto them but they know it too? What would happen then?"

The child tilted his head, the wind whispering in his ears. "I don't know."

A grim expression was the child's answer.

"The kidnapped would not see another day. The suspicious would be executed or be used to start a war and the person that you're suspicious of would make a conscious effort in changing the plan until it is too late. It could begin another war. It could be even worse, they could be hurt very badly and never be denied the peace that comes with death."

"Death is peace?" Naruto asked.

The shadows behind the man grew larger until the original shade of

the eyes was darker.

"One could say it," Jiji stated. "Life is always full of trials and tribulations; it is dependent on the person if they would survive every encounter and become stronger or never overcome and are unable to continue, that is the essence of life."

"Some have it harder than others," wise eyes gazing at the child, "and are unable to overcome it. If they do, there are two paths one must choose."

Naruto leant forward impatiently, "What are they?"

The child watched as the elderly man's face deepened, not in happiness as it was moments ago, but of something deeper, personal and painful. The man gradually aged before, every wrinkle, every breath, and every movement as if it was torture.

"One of pain and satisfactionâ€¦ the other of pain and happiness." The man breathed, his chest twinging painfully.

Naruto scrunched his brows together, his lips pouting as his young mental process was unable to comprehend even after all the reading and lessons from Mister Left and Right.

The child hesitated, "They're-they'reâ€¦" the blonde shook his head and restarted. "Aren't they the same?"

He didn't want to ask; the pain it brought to his Jiji stabbed at him, more-so than the negativity of the civilians.

The face before him muted his questions and the child pursed his lips.

"Naruto, I-"

The small figure crawled over the man, wrapped his small arms around the large shoulders that held the weight of his people and snuggled his chubby face to the crook of the elderly man's neck. "S'okay Jiji, you did your best."

The child never saw the couple of tears that escaped the seasoned face, he did, however, feel the man's own, old arms wrapping at the small child's waist, hugging him close.

Several minutes later all traces of tears were gone, the small child on the man's lap playing with the wide-brimmed, and white flapped, red-tipped, coned hat. They remained in the position, relaxed and peaceful until the man saw movement at the corner of his eyes.

"Hey, Jiji?" Naruto tipped his head back to stare up at the man.

The elder man chuckled at the cute picture, "Hm?"

"If I observe things, will I be able to stop bad things from happening?" Blue eyes blinking innocently at him.

A smile spread his features, "Certainly."

He traced the village symbol on the child's arm. "By observing, one

may be able to have the ability to deduce the situation and come to a relative conclusion."

Naruto pouted, arms crossed.

"Jiji~" he whined, "too big words."

Laughing he ruffled the blonde tufts and released his hold the child.

"I must go now Naruto."

"Kay' Jiji!" the child's hand waving.

Smiling, his hat now in his hand he hugged the boy one last time and disappeared in a swirl of leaves.

Naruto watched the leaves dance, eyes gleaming. "That's so cool." He paused, eyes gazing and unseeing at a view, "I want to learn!" he exclaimed exuberantly.

### 3. Birthday Boy

Blue eyes stared blatantly at the two ninjas shifting under his scrutiny.

"Ah, Na-chan?" Mister Right inquired.

"Hm?" Na-chan replied absent-mindedly. Face and hair matted in mud, no matter after all the effort the two tried to clean him.

They were back at the clearing, his new book in the hands of Mister Left.

"What are you doing?"

"Jiji said that observing will help me stop bad things from happening."

Mister Left raised a brow. \_Are we doing something bad?\_

"I figured if I start observing other people I'd be able to deduce and whatever else Jiji mentioned."

Mister Right tilted his head in question, "And~" he drawled, "who is Jiji?"

"Hn." \_The man with the red-tipped coned hat.\_

The two choked in varying degrees.

Mister Left was the first to recover. "Hn." \_Did he have the same symbols as us?\_

Naruto nodded, not seeing the shocked, paling faces of the ninjas.

"That's the Hokage!" exclaimed Mister Right.

The yell snapped Naruto out from his trance. Tilting his head, his eyes conveyed the question.

When the two didn't respond, still shocked to silence Naruto nodded.

"Jiji's Jiji." The child stated, a simple fact in his mind, titles not withholding.

Mister Right sighed loudly, rubbing his eyes at the revelation. If what the child said was true, then he and his companion would be in trouble if they traumatised the kid.

"Ri~ght." They had their work cut out for them.

"Hn." \_What did you find from yourâ€|observations?\_

Mister Right snapped his head to his fellow ninja, an incredulous on his face.

In response, Mister Left stared blankly at him.

The child bit his lip, his young mind trying to work furiously. "Ano~," brows scrunching together he pointed to the target, "Mister Right," he began, ignoring the laughing eyes behind the stoic mask of Mister Left. "Mister Right," he began again, "has just finished running. On his way, he knocked into a branch, has a slight bruising on the tendonsâ€| I think." The child paused.

"He ran from the direction of the Eastern gate, has just finished eating dango in a rush." Tilting his head, he chewed in his thoughts, "Perhaps, he encountered something he didn't want to see and made a hasty retreat?" He questioned towards the very shocked and silent duo once again.

Sputtering, Mister Right opened and close his mouth, eyes examining himself as if to see the evidence himself. The two gave up and turned to the mud-matted-haired child.

"Hn." Mister Right stated. \_I don't see it.\_

"Am I right?"

The two ninjas narrowed their eyes.

Laughing nervously, the child shifted his feet.

"There is a residue of sweat trailing at the back of his neck; his breathing only slightly hitching when he had arrived. There are new uneven, ragged marks on his right pant leg, judging from the lack of faded colours around the edges. The stick or whatever had surprised him, judging from the slight, if minuscule limp he had acquired upon arriving and forced himself to balance the weight on both anklesâ€|that's just a guess." He paused, turning his head upwards. "The direction he came from was the way his spike at the back had swept eastwards and the trail of sweat at the back had left marks going in that direction. He also came from that direction." He shrugged.

"There is a leftover part of the dango at the left corner of his

mouth, his hand that held the stick left a fading imprint; the liquid substance from it staining a bit of the skin. The rushing part was from his running and tripping, the unfinished piece at the corner that he could have licked," his blue flocked Mister Right's hand, "same goes for the hand. Your face, when you came here, had the phantom image of a scare but not of an enemy ninja" he tilted his head at the gobsmacked expression. "Am I right?"

Mister Right nodded.

"Hn." \_So you have a sprain.\_

Spinning, Mister Right chuckled nervously, glaring half-heartedly at the innocent child and ignoring the holes boring into his skull. A pair of hands forcefully sat him down, a sudden bite of lip had it ripping the skinning, Mister Left's eye twitched. Taking the warning, Mister Right sat down, carefully navigating his injured ankle to rest appropriately.

Mister Left turned to face the child, blue eyes staring intently back. The taller figure gave a slight tilt of his head and Naruto pursed his lips.

"Mister Left,"

Mister Right snorted, a twitch from Mister Left had him burst in laughter.

Ignoring them, Naruto continued, "has a recent injury on the front of his left calf, possibly a slash from a blade of sorts. He has been recently writing, eto~ his report?" Naruto nodded to himself. "That would also indicate that he has returned from a mission recently, later than Mister Right. He has a lack of sleep and is parched"that's all I got." He finished despondently.

A pat on his shoulder had him looking across to Mister Right, "Don't worry Na-chan, you definitely surprised \_Mister Left~\_" he chortled, jumping slightly from the \_friendly\_ killer intent of his companion.

The taller figure nodded towards the smaller and Naruto turned to look at him.

"There is a darkening patch on the black bandage, the bleeding from the size of its length is indicated from the start of the darkening tip to the end, disregarding the drip of the blood. Mister Left-"

Mister Right snickered, a kick to the ribs had him glaring at the assailant.

"-has a slight ink stain on his dominant hand, possibly from shaking that would indicate the lack of sleep, the darkening circles under his eyes reassuring the statement. Dry lips indicate a slight dehydration, chapped means you've been somewhere that had strong winds and a strong scent of sweat from the wind. Your clothes are wrinkled and crumpled a possibility with repeated movements of jumping or travelling? Your recent mission was indicated from your written report as it is customary that it would be done upon arriving"wait, I think, I've got that wrong-"

"Hn." \_Wait, you got it right.\_

The child jumped, "Really?"

A small nod and Naruto hugged Mister Left.

They settled down several minutes later at Na-chan's deduction skills, Mister Right brimming in excitement, Mister Left in a more subdued manner but interested nonetheless.

"So Mister Left and Mister Right?" Mister Right mocked after their lesson.

Mister Left hit his companion's ribs lightly. \_Really, now of all things?\_

Naruto blushed, "You arrived like that when we first met."

Mister Right raised a brow. \_You must know who we are at least.\_

"I don't know who you are, to be honest." He blurted.

Twin stares. \_Doesn't the appearance ring any bells?\_

"I'm serious!"

They grunted simultaneously. \_Really now?\_

"Well, why don't you introduce yourselves!" he shouted.

Mister Right twitched. \_I don't believe you.\_

"I really don't know okay!" the child yelled, his arms thrown up in the air.

Mister Right grinned, standing up with the help of Mister Left and leaning slightly.

"I'm Shisui," he thumbed to his chest and then jabbed at the other ninja's shoulder, "the grump's Itachi," bowing together, "and we're from the Uchiha clan!" he exclaimed proudly.

When they didn't get a response they straightened their position and observed in bafflement at the child's blank stare.

"I don't know anything about an Uchiha," Naruto replied to their silent question. Pointing a finger at Shisui he stated, "You're still Mister Right," turned his finger to the one name Itachi, "and Mister Left." With that, he said his thanks and stalked off all the while mumbling about delusional ninjas and made up names.

The two ninjas watched the small figure become smaller until he was out sight and turned to look at each other.

"Hn." \_He really doesn't know.\_

Itachi stared at his friend. \_You still need a check-up.\_

Shisui stared right back. \_You're not leaving me alone.\_

"Hn." \_On who's authority? \_

A twitch of Shisui's brow. \_You're injured too!\_

A gesture. \_Technicalities.\_

"That's my line!"

Small fingers shoved the plain wood back into position patting in place and sitting on it to be sure. Getting up, he made his way to the lone crack to peek at the sky, nodded to himself and stood on his tip-toes, turning the knob and making his way outside his room. Scanning the area, the small figure made his way through the halls of the orphanage, senses on high alert and snuck into the bathroom.

He didn't stay long enough to soak, only long enough to be squeaky clean to his satisfaction and ventured back to his room, sprinting with his heart in his throat when the patter of feet came closer and shut his door as fast and as soft as possible. Rubbing his wet hair Naruto snuggled into the mattress, his eyes peering through the crack to watch the colours of the sky change.

The matron forgot to feed him, again.

The child peered around the wall he hid behind, glimpsing at the celebrating gathering. He knew it was the same time like last year, and he made sure to check unsavoury companions heading towards his direction. He leant his head on the wood, listening to their words and heart thumping manically in his chest.

"\_It's time of year again." A person stated a man from the sounds of it.\_

"\_Good riddance."\_

\_A slam of, perhaps a cup?\_

"\_The demon spawn is still here!" A drunk man yelled\_

\_There was a chorus of agreement around them, one yelling atop one another yells of agreement all round.\_

"\_We could give the demon more discipline?" a man suggested excitedly. \_

Eyes widening, the child began to sneak away from them, weaving his way through the crowd of children.

"\_the Hokage?" one warned trepidation lacing in his tone.\_

"\_The council has hounded our venerable leader all day today."\_

The child made a turn to a corner, the shadows of the buildings casting dark shadows in the alley.

"\_The Uchiha clan is also busy." Another mentioned.\_

"\_Perfect." One purred in pleasure.\_



\_There was a clattering of furniture and cups and feet, the shuffling of feet turning to the door.\_

"\_Let's go catch ourselves a demon."\_

\_Their laughter licked at the small child's heels.\_

The foliage wasn't too far away but it would mean for the child to cross the open street. He turned on his left, running in the alleys, trying to make as little noise as possible in his haste and skidded to a stop at a dead end.

Blue eyes widened, his shoulders stiffened considerably. He turned his head, the wind whistled lowly, cold and biting onto his skin; it wasn't his friend now. The moonlight increased the shadows cast upon the walls of the buildings around him. A shadow from the other end began to move, their bobbling heads honing in, he could hear their calls, could already fear the phantom pains, their eyes burning his body.

He scurried to the longest, darkest shadow, restraining the amount of breath he would take per minute and wait apprehensively. If they found him—

He wrapped his arms around himself to get rid of the cold blowing in, the silence of the night deafening as phantom yells and shouts overrode his senses.

"\_Demon." The smile was twisted.\_

"\_Hold'im down!"\_

"\_Disgusting FREAK!"\_

He scurried further back, slowly, step by step and bumped into something. Eyes widening he looked up and met the dark gaze of fury.

"Konnichiwa, Demon."

Opening his mouth the scream, a sweaty palm covered it, a handkerchief covering his lower face. Desperately trying to breathe, he inhaled the weird smell, his vision blurry as the shadows at the end of the alleyway grew larger.

"Let's have fun, shall we?" The person smiled, deranged. "After all," the figure leant down to whisper beside his ear, "it's your birthday," he blew, "and every birthday boy should always receive a special—" the figure in the shadow bit his ear drawing blood, "—gift."

The child's blue eyes glazed over.

The figure in darkness smirked in victory, eyes lost in his grief, in his loss, anger, fury, and in revenge.

"That's right, there's nothing you can do. You will remain wide awake, watching every little gift I give you and you watch yourself accept it, like a gracious, well-mannered boy." He laughed high into the sky.

"A soul in a puppet."

"A doll to my pleasure."

The man's handsome face seen by the light of the moon twisted in pleasure.

"A servant to me."

The laughter rang in the air, over the loud celebrations and mingling with others as they searched for the child.

Blue eyes blank, dull, lifeless, stared at the wall across. Familiar, unwanted, the blood sprayed, painted every inch of the four walls around the small child. Door, no door; a latch, no latch; scraps and scrapes, pleasure and pain. The wall was the child's life, memories blurred and fuzzy, his chakra head-butting at the edges, but, it was not enough. It was never enough. The man wanted more, never satisfied, never content, more, more. More.

It was NEVER Enough!

How long had it taken to paint the walls his colour?

How long did it take for it to permanently stain the rooms?

How long has he been with the man?

It could have been years, he wouldn't know. He was never let to see his reflection and the one time the child did, he only glimpsed at deep, impossibly deep blue eyes, aged, resigned, but not broken.

He had never slept, eyes always awake, brain always active and body, always malleable.

Voyeurism.

He had learnt the word when some of the man's clients were talkative.

Children his age, over and younger was dragged to the room for him to watch, he wouldn't know if they were his age, there was never a mirror to check.

The door, no door became visible and the man with the handsome face came forth; impeccable cream kimono, ruffles of the finest silk and embroidery of the rich decorated every inch of the man. Handsome, rich, confident.

A woman's dream.

He wished he could glare, the glare he had perfected with the help of his ninja friends but, the man knew his well when the atmosphere changed. Calm, dark eyes gazed back, a smirk dancing on his lips. Seductive, if one didn't know the man.

"I wish I could show to the world," the man whispered, voice husky to his ear, "that, I have tamed a demon to my bidding." The man gripped the smaller figure's chin and lifted up harshly. The breath of mint

would have been intoxicating, pleasurable even if one wasn't in the smaller figure's position.

"Imagine," the nose nuzzled his neck, "all the riches and all the pleasure, all because they are afraid of you!" he bit the neck harshly, drawing blood. The man sucked on it, moaning in ecstasy, and the smaller figure lets him, unable to move but to watch and to feel.

The rich man stood, dark eyes the same ones he had seen on his capture.

"But don't worry," he began, "you won't just be a trophy." A smile crawled up to his lips, lighting up his face and making anyone besides the other occupant, swoon.

"You'll watch as you destroy continents, crush helpless, innocent humans under your foot and eat innocent children!"

"And you know what!?" The man laughed.

"You. Will. Be. Watching. A first-person seat even!"

The man gripped the small figure's hair harshly.

"There will be nothing you can do about it." He declared, the smile becoming twisted as his eyes.

Blood spilt.

He was in a new room, it was white in the beginning.

It was now maroon.

The worse part?

It wasn't his.

The evidence had cleared out hours ago, indicated by the dried blood around the room. The man had been right. He had watched his body move out of his own violation, he felt the life substance spill, heard every scream and continued to paint the room.

The only good thing out of it was that he didn't eat anyone.

That would have broken him.

The room became his next resident.

The small figure never asked himself, 'how long' again.

He was moved into another, new room sometime after the first incident. White walls.

He hadn't eaten in a while.

Dread pooled in his stomach as his chakra reared harshly inside him. Demanding to be let out, to punish the person hurting their host.

Door, no door became visible and the rich man wasn't the first to enter.

Crib, after crib, was pushed through the door, until an estimated of-

"Thirty." The rich man finally entered. "It should satisfy you enough." And left, watching behind a screen -he wouldn't know.

His chakra reared painfully inside his core, finally getting a reaction.

It was silent in the room for a while, the small figure fighting for control of his body and knowing it was inevitable.

The silence was broken by a singular cry and only moments later others followed. Their high-pitched screams irritated his senses.

It was a cacophony of noises, his chakra also screaming from his core; his mind was screaming; the air was screaming whipping at his skin and the mea-no! The babie-meat-No!

The room was filled with screams and the small figure began to move.

Hunger. His body was so hungry. Why hadn't they fed him?

Glazed blue scanned the room.

The white was irritating, the screams were annoying and his body needed substance. The figure's head glanced at the closest crib.

Food.

It was only a few metres, just a couple of steps. He was hungry. His body needed food, he was only human. Babies were human, so that meant more nutrients. Nutrients are needed in the body and what better holders than humans themselves? Especially, the figure licked his lips, especially ones that were fed through the womb. That was a lot of nutrients.

Glazed blue stared down at the first crib, the morsel inside had halted its annoying cries, its wide blue eyes of a new-born staring curiously back at him. A strong will in babies must mean a lot of nutrients.

He stared, a smile almost filled with love and the morsel began to coo. Gently, the small figure lifted the living meat, red flush around its body. Good. Flush meant blood, and blood meant iron. He had chosen very well for his first meal.

Small, wrinkly hands reached up towards the figure above it all the while cooing and the soft smile sent its way.

The figure opened his mouth, descended to the offered limb and his mouth closed around it.

End

file.